



98.

The industrious Smith wherin is shoun,
How plain dealing is overthrown,
That let a man do the best that he may,
An idle hyswife will work his decay,
Yet artis no burthen, though ill we may speed,
Our labour will help us in time of our need;

To the tune of yong man remember delights are but vain.



There was a poor Smith liv'd in a poor town,
That had a loving wife bonny and brown,
And though he were very discret and wise,
Yet wold he do nothing without her advise,
His back it greev low, full well he did know,
He told his wife what he intended to do,
Quoth he, Sweet wife, if I can p'ebell,
I will shew horses, and than shall sell Ale.

I see by my labour but little I thryve,
And that against the stream I do strike,
By selling of Ale some mony is got,
If every man honestly pay for his pot :
By this may we keepe the Wolf from the doy,
And live in god fashon though now we lie poor,
If we have good custome we hal have quick sale,
So may we liue brawely by selling of Ale.

Kind husband, quoth she, let be as you said,
It is the best motion that e'er you made,
A stan of god Ale, let me have it,
A dozen of good white bread in my bin,
Tobacco likewise we must not forget,
Men will call for it, when malt's above wheat.
When once it is known, then o're hill and dale,
Men will come flocking to take of our Ale.

They sent for a wench, her name it was Belle,
And her they hired to welcome their ghesse.
They took in good Ale and many things more,
The Smith had got him two strings to his bow,
Good fellows come in, and began for to rose,
The Smith he was never so troubled before,
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith went to his work every day,
But still one or other wold call him away.
Fay now he had got him the name of an Wolf,
It cost him many a pot and a toll,
Besides much precious tyme he now lost,
And thus the poor Smith was every day crest,
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Men run on the score and little they paid
Whiche made the poor Smith be greatly almaind
And bonny Wiffe though she wots not slack,
To welcom her ghesse, yet things went to wrack
For she would exchange a pot for a kiss,
Whiche any fellow shold seldom times misse.
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith went abroad, at length he came
And found his maids, and man in a room, home
Both drinking together foot-to-foot,
To speake unto them he thought twas no body,
For they were both drunke and could not reply,
To make an excuse as big as a lye.
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

He came home again and there he did sit
His wiffe kindly setting on a mans knee.
And though he satt little, yet he thought the more
And who could blame the poor Smith all therfore.
He hugd her s' kill her though Vulcan stond by,
Whiche made him to grumble, and look all amyg.
But quoth the good wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The second part 16 worth 1s. 1d.



A sort of Haylers wers drinking one night,
And when they were drunk began so to fight.
The Smith came to part them, as some do report,
And soz his good will was beat in such sorte,
That he coulde not lift his arms to his heade,
Nor yet very hardly crep up to his bed.
But quoth the good Wiffe, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith by chance a good fellow had met,
That for strong Ale was much in his debt,
He alst him for mony, quoth he, by your leave,
I owe you no mony nor none you shall heve,
I leue to your wiffe and her I will pay,
The Smith he was dext and departed away.
Alas, who could blame him if now he do rayl,
These things shold not be though they sold Ale.

Old debts must be payd, O why shold they not,
The fellow went home to pay the old shot,
The Smith followed after and they sell at strife,
For he found this fellow in bed with his Wiffe,
He fretted and fumed, he earst and he swore,
Quoth he, he is come to pay the old score.
And still he cryde, good sweet hart do not rayl,
For these things must be if we sell Ale.

A flock of good sellors all Smiths by their trade,
Within a while after a holiday made,
Unto the Smiths boole they came then with sped,
And there they were wondrous merry indeed,
With my pot and thy pot to rasse the score hier,
Mine Dast was so drunk he fel in the fire.
But quoth the good Wiffe, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

FINIS.

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Mine Dast being drunk and loose in his joynts,
He took on occasion to untrusse his points,
The bankit it was nere, but borded but slight,
The Smith he was heaby and could not red light,
The bordes broke asunder, and down he fell in,
It was a worse matt: & then breaking his shin,
But quoth the good Wiffe, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Happy is he who when he doth stumble,
Knowes the ground well before he do tumble,
But so did not he, for he had forgotten,
The bordes which he trod on were so rotten,
He mowd the house to mirth and to laughter,
His clothes they stunk at least a month after,
But, quoth the good Wiffe, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

But men can so much with him on the score,
That Vulcan at his armen wondrous poor,
He owed the Bresser and Baker so much,
They threatned to arrest him, his case it was such,
He went to his Andill, to my pot and thine,
He torn'd out his Maid, he pull'd down his signe,
But O (quoth the good Wiffe) why shold we fall,
These things shold not be if we sell Ale.

The Smith & his boy went to work for some chink,
To pay for the liquor which others did drinck,
Of all trades in London, few break as I heare,
That sell Tobacco, strong Ale and good Beer,
They might have done better, but they were loth,
To fill up their measure with nothing but froth,
Let no Al.-boole keper at my song rayl,
These things must be if they sell Ale.

Humphrey Crowch.

H. Crowch